

In Recital

Meaghan Schutt, soprano

assisted by

Roger Admiral, piano

Thursday, May 1, 1997 at 5:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building



**Department of Music
University of Alberta**

Program

An Evening Hymn
Sweeter than roses

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen (1838)
Es rauscht das rote Laub (1846)
Kommen und Scheiden (1846)

Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel
(1805-1847)

From *Four Last Songs* (1958)
Procris
Tired
Hands, Eyes, and Heart
From *House of Life* (1903)
Silent Noon

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)
Poetry by Ursula Vaughan Williams

From *Moore's Irish Melodies* (1960)
Avenging and bright
At the mid hour of night
Dear harp of my country
The last rose of summer

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Schutt.

Ms Schutt is a recipient of the Neil Primrose Memorial Scholarship in Voice, the Leeder Memorial Scholarship in Voice, the Richard Eaton Singers Scholarship in Voice, a Universiade '83 Scholarship, and a Louise McKinney Scholarship.

Translations

Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen - I Went Walking under the Trees

I went walking under the trees,
alone with my grief.
The old dreaming came
and slipped into my heart.
"Who taught you this little song,
you birds in the airy heights?
Be still! When my heart hears it,
it hurts all over again."
"A young girl came walking;
she sang it over and over.
That's where we birds learned
the sweet, golden song."
"You should not tell me that,
you wondrously sly birds.
You want to steal away my sorrow,
but I trust no one."

Es rauscht das rote Laub - The Red Leaves Rustle

The red leaves rustle at my feet;
when leaves are green again,
where will I be?
Where will the first swallows greet me?
Far, far away from my beloved,
and I shall never again be happy.
Always before, I sang
through meadows and mountains,
in winter snows,
"O lovely spring,
come to your woods, come soon!"
Now I sing, "Lovely spring, stay away!"
In vain! Just as field and forest
now lose their leaves,
so they will bloom anew;
what do they care about my song?
The violet comes,
I just have to suffer it,
travel and take leave.
But how will I live,
when I have departed from here?

Kommen und Scheiden - Coming and Going
Whenever she came, her being seemed as lovely
as the first green leaves in the woods.
And all that she said penetrated into my heart,
as sweetly as spring's first song in the grove.
And when she waved farewell with her hand,
it was as if my last youthful dream disappeared.

